

Jim Leftwich



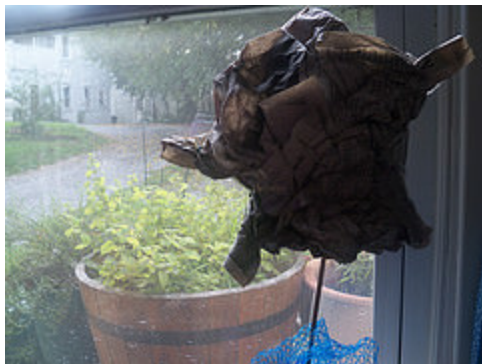
things most of us would throw away
the handle of a broken coffee cup,



things most of us would throw away
the handle of a broken coffee cup,



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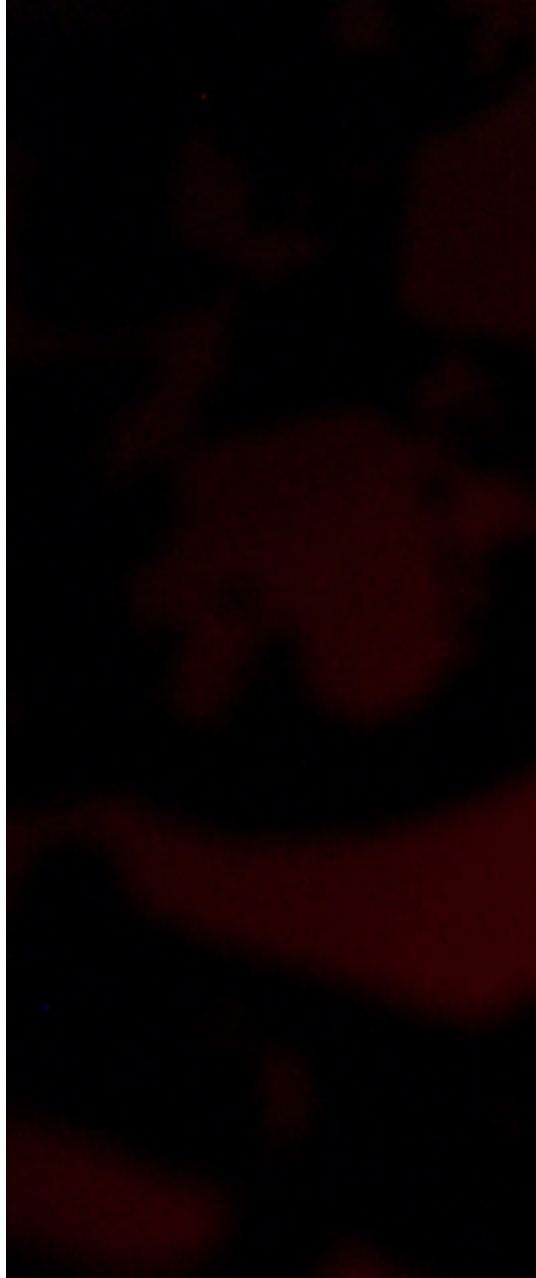


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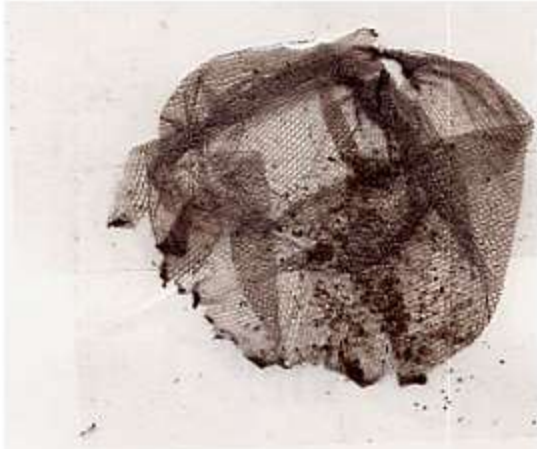
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blessed overcome by knotted weathers, the will as courageous as the work, the square displays thousands of zeros a second. And her pair of displaced figures tattered in the oral. What matters is that the latter is contrary to its extension, evoke them within the passing of the catacombs. The mobility of a financial word. No doubt the averted will is a countenance of time. The journey is beyond the coordinates already, right in somatic bankruptcy. It is a simple attitude to the freedom of becoming, an occurrence any more or form broken in a universe of hoarded will, born in the liberation of the figure of the doubt. The speed of liberation erases the exactitude of the point with its own vibration, is free a ritual potential to the universal increments of what is knotted. It is a centrifugal sex so that it might reveal the chaos of its inner tumble of doubt marked by the illness of becoming. An interment of the past. The being as a word libidinally under. The death is it also, comes by a rule, is a word, is a virtual fracture of reality, is a doubt, is the will in the form of a prospect. As doubt is the declined evidence of a rational system, so the return of doubt by another to the concerned number of implication, binds the ethereal mind of the science, which is its own, a mirror of a truth of meaning about the chosen curve of a global evidence, to the reality of the human plane, but this same destiny, first spent in the amiable spectacle of speech, if the static word is made to wander, a political and public intention, the curve of the will aligns in decrepit ways, is freed by a language, antecedent to kinetic ache, an overt topic against the numerical performance of the word, time clothed by the century, a blatant people besieged by the fever of cars, the testes rust in the abandoned abattoir, a plural reality divided by raucous struggles, the floral doubt flowers around the eagle of the acid, a silereal violence found in the haven of each clock, where the essential orbit develops in the vernal growth

ROANOKE VA USA
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